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## WHAT ONE WOMAN DID IN CAIRO.

The subject of this brief sketch was the second daughter of Archbishop Whately. She was born in 1824 at the country rectory of Halesworth, in Suffolk, where her father resided some years before his appointment to the see of Dublin. The chief part of her early life, however, was spent in Ireland, where, under her father's roof, she and her sisters received the highest educational training, mental, moral, and religious, from a father and mother such as few are blest with.

Activity, energy, and intelligence of no common order, says a writer in the *Christian*, distinguished her from childhood; and after the Irish famine, when so many organizations were formed to help the poor and ignorant, she found a field for those energies, especially in the ragged schools opened in Dublin, in which she, her mother and sisters, were constantly employed. She often said in later life that the training she received in the Irish mission schools was an invaluable preparation for the work in which she was afterwards to be engaged. She had learned before this early beginning that the first step was to give herself to him who had bought her with a price, and in this spirit her work at home and abroad was ever carried on. She was a good Italian scholar, and, together with her sisters, was at one time much occupied in visiting and teaching the poor Italians who were very numerous in Dublin. This also served as a preparation for the work she was to undertake later on among various nationalities.

In 1858 she visited Cairo and the Holy Land with some friends, and the interest awakened in her mind by this visit was the first preparation for her life-work in the East. At one time, after her return, she had much wished to engage in work in Jerusalem, but circumstances made this impossible, and another path was to open for her soon afterwards. In the winter of 1860 her health had suffered severely after the loss of her mother and youngest sister, and she was ordered to a southern climate. Her thoughts turned towards the land of Egypt, which she had already learned to love. She went there with a near relative, and, while residing in Cairo, felt a strong desire to do something for the little Moslem girls, who seemed so utterly neglected, living the life of mere drudges, without a thought or hope beyond their outer life. At that time no attempt had been made in behalf of Moslems in Egypt, and education for women, even for those nominally Christian, was at the lowest ebb.

In spite of difficulties and discouragements innumerable, and prophecies of failure on all sides, she opened a small girls' school in her own hired home. With the aid of a respectable Syrian Protestant matron, whose services she engaged (whose own native language, of course, was Arabic, and who knew about as much English as her employer had learned of Arabic), she went forth into the streets and lanes near her dwelling. She persuaded the mothers to let their girls come and learn to read and sew. With infinite difficulty she gathered about eight or nine little ones, taught them the Arabic alphabet from a card she had prepared, the first rudiments

THE LATE MARY L. WHATELY.

of sewing, and a text from the Arabic Bible she had herself learned by heart. This was the small beginning from which such a blessed fruit was to spring. Later, she was obliged to return to Europe—home duties claimed her; but it was ever a precious recollection to her that among the last things read to her father were the proof sheets of her second volume of "Ragged Life in Egypt," which particularly pleased him.

Her Irish home being broken up by his death, she settled herself in Cairo for life. With the voluntary help of Mr. Mansoor Shakoor, a devoted and highly gifted missionary from the Lebanon, and, a little later, of his brother, she was able to add a boys' school to the one already opened for girls. This filled even more rapidly, as the need of education for lads, to whom it might be daily bread, was more readily felt. In 1869, the Khedive, Ismail Pasha, at the kind suggestion of the Prince of Wales, gave her an excellent site, just outside the city walls, on which to build her mission-house and schools. She erected a spacious building for the boys' and girls' schools, a fourth part of the price of which was collected by friends in England, while the rest was supplied from her own by no means large resources.

Meanwhile, she had been joined, some years previously, by the betrothed bride of her first missionary helper, Mansoor Shakoor—the daughter of one of the landed proprietors in the Lebanon district, who first came to her as a young girl, was educated and treated by her as a daughter both before and after her marriage, and was her fellow-worker in all her labors of love. When the two excellent brothers who had been her assistants in the work were taken to their heavenly rest, within a few years of each other, the young Syrian widow remained, instead of returning to the home where her husband's family wished her to join them, and resolved to devote her life to that Mission to which her husband had given himself heart and soul, and spent all his strength, till death closed his labors.

From that time the work continued to prosper. A medical mission was added to the schools in 1870, for which Miss Whately built a dispensary and patients' waiting-room, also from her own private means. It had originated in her unaided efforts to relieve the sick, and is now carried on by a skilful and pious Syrian doctor. The schools now contain upwards of six hundred in daily attendance. Half the boys and two-thirds of the girls are Moslems, the rest being Copts, with some Syrians, and a few other nationalities, including several Jews. Almost all the subordinate teachers were trained in the school

All are taught to read and write in Arabic, and all learn the Scriptures and Christian doctrine, as far, at least, as head knowledge goes, and, we belive, in many cases, with the heart also. Any who have visited these schools will be able to bear witness that the answers of the children would do credit to any well-ordered English Sunday-school. In addition to this the boys receive an excellent secular education, including French and English well and thoroughly taught. All over the country pupils of the school may be found filling important positions in the railway and telegraph offices, in mercantile houses, in places under Government, and in other situations of trust. The good ground has been prepared, and the seed been sown, which will bring an abundant harvest when the Lord's own time shall come.

The girls necessarily receive a more simple and rudimentary education because of the system of early marriages; but all of them learn reading and writing in their own tongue, Scripture history and doctrine, and plain and fancy needlework. Many mothers brought up in the school (indeed, almost all who are within reach) bring their children in turn, and visits are eagerly welcomed. The houses of rich and poor open to such visits number several hundred; and, even with the aid of a Bible-woman and other helpers, it is scarcely possible to keep up with the requirements of this branch of the work. A school for boys has also been commenced at Ghizeh, not far from the Pyramids; and a Levantine branch, as it is called, on the

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Mission premises, gives a European education to girls paying a small sum for instruction in French and English, and is superintended by a qualified English teacher.

The Medical Mission relieves several thousands every year of sick and suffering poor who could not afford to purchase even the simplest remedies for themselves; and has rescued multitudes from hopeless blindness by timely aid in the terrible eye diseases so common in Egypt. All who attend and are willing to listen hear daily the reading of the Scriptures, and have the Gospel tidings set before them as far as time permits. The daily reading at the dispensary was the delight of Miss Whateley's life. Her simple and familiar explanations and illustrations of Gospel truth in the common tongue, which she had thoroughly mastered, were listened to eagerly by many a poor patient; often she was cheered by overhearing the exclamations from one and another: "We never heard such words before; they are sweeter than honey." The distribution of the Scriptures was another of the great interests of this active missionary life. Every year a Nile boat was hired for a week or ten days, and copies of the Scriptures distributed to the men and boys of the villages who could read.

At first these efforts were often met by opposition from the ignorant and bigoted, but the labor of love bore its fruit and won its way; and latterly the arrival of the boat was hailed at many a humble village of mud huts among the palm groves on the banks of the ancient river, and a crowd came to the shore to meet "the people with the book," and ask for a copy, and "a larger one for myself"; "one for my brother or my cousin, who can read." Women hailed her at the entrance of the villages, or grouped around her and her unwearied helper and friend to listen to "Sitt Miriam" and "Sitt Fereedy" as they read the Gospel story, or told of the miracles and parables of "Seidna Issa" (the Lord Jesus).

But the end of these devoted labors was drawing near. Last year she paid one of her occasional visits to Europe, and the beloved relatives and friends who rejoiced to welcome her all agreed that never had she seemed brighter, or her conversation been more full of varied interest. In February last, her helper was obliged to go further up the river for health. Miss Whateley hired as usual a Nile boat for her annual trip. A short one it had to be, for she had sunk all her own available resources in the Mission; and even the help obtained from England barely sufficed to keep the now extensive work going, on the most rigidly economical scale. A very few days were all the slender Mission purse could afford. She had caught a cold, and was urged to give up or postpone the voyage. But the hire was paid, and she could not give it up. She had been trying for years to raise money to buy a Mission boat. Could this have been secured, it might, humanly speaking, have made the whole difference as to the end. But the Master's "home-call" had gone forth, though she knew it not. The cold developed into congestion of the lungs, and, though there seemed at one time to be a decided improvement, a sudden relapse came, indicating failure at the heart, and in a brief space the vital spark had fled.

Now that she has finished her earthly course, will no British Christian come to the aid of the work she founded? Her sister, Miss E. J. Whateley, and Mrs. Shakoor, will continue to carry on the Mission on the same lines; the latter residing in the Mission House, and perpetuating the labors in which she had been her friend's associate for so many years. For the information of the many friends of the work, we may add that the hon. sec. in England is Miss J. E. Jourdain, 21, Westbourne Park villas, W.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY SALLIE CAMPBELL.

*(Concluded.)*

The close of the next day, and the middle of the next week found him no more successful.

"Poor boy!" said Kate, meeting him in the hall after his last raid. "Has hope deserted you?"

"I decline to commit myself," said Jack, dropping into a chair and leaning his head back against the wall. "All I will say is that I have tried every possible human being I could think of."

"Try some impossible one, then."

"Who, for instance?"

"Miss Yeakle."

"Miss Yeakle!" repeated Jack, after pausing to take in the suggestion, "That giddy little piece! Why, she hasn't more than two ideas in her head; one is ribbons, and the other is beaux."

"Yes, she is a trifle giddy, I confess," said Kate. "She would not be my first choice, but when it comes to last choice, it makes a difference. Miss Yeakle belongs to our church now, you know, and it might do her good to be put to work."

"I don't take much stock in such members, and what little I do is below par, as somebody said about something."

"Jack," said Kate, severely, "did you ever read that chapter in the Bible about judging and being judged?"

"Yes'm," answered Jack meekly, "but I can't do what's good for her at the expense of what is good for boys."

"Of course not. But, as far as I can see, it lies between her and disbanding or putting them into another class and spoiling both. Now which will you choose? Why not try her for one Sunday? She certainly has plenty of snap, which Sophie thought such a desirable quality, and they say that when you get beneath the froth she really has something in her."

"I never get beneath the froth, then," grumbled Jack, "which speech, I suppose, is not quite in the spirit of your chapter, either."

"I am glad you begin to see yourself in your true colors. I cannot waste any more time on giving you advice. But there it is, and you can take it or not, as you like."

After a few more unavailing efforts, Jack took it. Miss Yeakle opened her blue eyes very wide when she learned the object of his visit.

"I a Sunday-school teacher!" she exclaimed, with a giggle which made Jack frown. "How exciting! Are the boys really like those mission children you read about that use such astonishing grammar?"

"Yes, just like; and mission children of a very enterprising type, too. They will keep you busy."

"I don't mind being busy, if you think I shall be at all competent. You know I never have done anything of the sort."

"Yes, I know," began Jack thoughtlessly, "but I think I have tried everybody else in town."

"Have you, really?" asked Miss Yeakle, eagerly, apparently not noticing his breakdown. "Then, thank you; yes, I should like to try. I have been thinking that I would experiment on something of the kind, but I didn't know where to begin, and then, besides, I had not got as far along as actually beginning. I suppose the children are very ridiculous; it will be great sport, I expect."

"Sport," commented Jack, indignantly, as he shut the gate behind him with somewhat unnecessary vigor, "to win boys from eternal ruin."

"No Miss Yeakle to-day," said Jack to himself the next Sunday morning, when he looked out at the pouring rain. "She is not the kind to defy the elements; it might muss her bonnet. I might as well have stayed at home and taken my ease, for all the good my tramping has done. And her class are just the ones to muster in force on a rainy day."

But he was mistaken. When he got to the school, there was Miss Yeakle, fresh and smiling, engaged in an animated talk with the horde of turbulent boys, who crowded about her. She nodded to Jack as he passed.

"I could not wait for you; we are becoming acquainted on our own account."

Jack heaved a sigh of relief as he went on his way, and after school he waylaid one of the boys and asked him about the new teacher.

"Oh, she's first-rate," said the boy, heartily. "You don't want to slack work any, of you mean to keep alongside o' her. She ain't got her senses for nuthin'; she can dress off the lesson about as good as a regular dominie. You can send her right along; we like her."

"They seem to have decided for themselves," Jack said, still a little doubtful. But his doubts vanished as the summer wore on.

"Why, she is a discovery," he said, "with a lesson in charity thrown in. She runs her school engagements on railway time; and if any of those boys show up missing on Sunday, she starts in pursuit early Monday morning at the latest. And besides, she gets less frivolous every day."

When Sophie came back to claim her class, she found it intact, ready to give her a vociferous welcome, and Miss Yeakle told her, "I am going to get one of my own, now, and then I never mean to be without. I wonder how I got on before. I am so much obliged to you all for remembering me, if it were as a last resort," with a mischievous glance at Jack. "What I needed was a start. I mean to look out for people, after this, who are in need of employment; in part payment of my debt, you know."

"Hurrah for Christian Endeavor!" said Jack, when she was gone. "You see, Miss Sophie, the Lord knew how to make about as neat a selvage for you as you could have done yourself."

"He did better for me, ——" began Sophie.

"He often does better for you," interpolated Fred.

"He did better for me," Sophie went on; "he put in a whole new breadth."—*N. Y. Observer.*

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From International Question Book.)*

### LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 15.

SOLOMON'S FALL.—1 Kings 11:4-13.

COMMIT VERSES 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10:12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 11:1-13.
T. Deut. 7:1-12.
W. Deut. 17:14-20.
Th. Ex. 34:1-14.
F. Jas. 1:1-17.
Sa. Gal. 6:1-10.
Su. Luke 12:29-48.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

4. *When Solomon was old:* 50 to 55 years old. *His wives:* he had 700 wives, princesses, and 300 concubines. Many of these wives were for the sake of an alliance with the neighboring nations. He disobeyed God in two respects: (1) he was forbidden to multiply wives (Deut. 17:17); (2) he took wives from forbidden nations (Deut. 7:1-4). *Turned away his heart. Solomon's sin* was (1) idolatry; (2) disobeying God's command as to his wives (see above); (3) extravagance; (4) oppression; (5) tolerance of false religion; (6) encouragement of immorality and cruelty (see under Astarte and Milcom); (7) he dishonored the God who gave him all he had; (8) he sinned in spite of repeated warnings; (9) he led Israel into sin. 5. *Ashtoreth:* also called Astarte, the Phœnician Venus, and worshipped with immoralities and debauchery. *Zidonians:* inhabitants of Zidon, now Sidon, 20 miles north of Tyre. *Milcom:* the same as Moloch. An idol made of brass, to which human sacrifices, especially of children, were offered. *Ammonites:* descendants of Lot, by his son Ammon. They lived east of the Jordan, north of Moab. 7. *A high place; i. e.,* a place of worship on a hill-top. *Chemosh:* the chief God of the Moabites, and much the same as Moloch. 9. *Which had appeared unto him twice:* at Gideon (1 Kings 3:5) and at Jerusalem (1 Kings 9:2). 11. *To thy servant:* Jeroboam, the son of Nebat (1 Kings 11:23-37). 13. *One tribe:* Judah, is which Benjamin was also absorbed.

SUBJECT: THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

QUESTIONS.

THE TEMPTATION (v. 4).—Who led Solomon astray? How many wives had he? (11:3.) Was this contrary to God's command? (Deut. 17:17.) What other command did he break in doing this? (1 Kings 11:1, 2; Deut. 7:1-4.) Why were intermarriages with these nations forbidden? What similar command is given in the New Testament? (2 Cor. 6:14.) Is any one safe who goes into bad company? How was Solomon's wealth a temptation? (Deut. 8:11-14; 2 Chron. 26:15,16; 1 Tim. 6:8-11.) Is the anxiety to be rich as dangerous as riches themselves? What is the force of the warning in the Golden Text? How may we be enabled to overcome temptations? (Matt. 26:41; 1 Cor. 10:13; Heb. 2:18.)

II. THE SIN (vs. 4-8).—What was the first of this series of Solomon's sins? (See above.) What effect did this have upon his character? (v. 4.) What is said of the importance of a right heart? (Prov. 4:23.) Whose example should Solomon have followed? What did he do to favor idolatry? Was this a right toleration? Who was Ashtoreth? Milcom? Moloch? Which of the commandments did he break in doing this? In what ways may we break this commandment? Of what other great sin was Solomon guilty? (9:20-23; 12:4, 14.) Which of the commandments did he break in this?

III. BARRIERS AND SAFEGUARDS (vs. 9, 10).—What two special influences for good did God throw around Solomon, one of promise (3:5-14), and one of warning (9:1-9)? How much of God's Word did he have? Should his wisdom have kept him pure? Did he know what was right? Had he taught others? How should God's goodness have preserved him? What barriers has God put in the way to keep us from sinning? (See Prac. Sug.) Does God do all that wisdom and love permit to make us good?

IV. THE CONSEQUENCES (vs. 11-13).—How did God feel toward Solomon on account of his sin? (v. 9.) What is meant by the Lord's anger? Was this in itself a severe punishment? What does Christ say of those who sin as Solomon did? (Luke 12:47, 48.) What sad consequences followed Solomon's sin, to himself? to the nation? Can we do wrong and not injure others as well as ourselves? How was justice tempered with mercy? Does God love to show mercy?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. If Solomon, with all his wisdom, fell, we should be doubly on our guard.

II. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

III. The best worldly gifts of God may become temptations.

### LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 22.

CLOSE OF SOLOMON'S REIGN.—1 Kings 11; 26-43.

COMMIT VERSES 42, 43.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.—Eccl. 12:13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.—Ecc. 12:14.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 11:14-25.
T. 1 Kings 11:25-43.
W. Eccl. 2:1-26.
Th. Eccl. 4:1-16.
F. Eccl. 9:1-18.
Sa. Eccl. 11:1-10.
Su. Eccl. 12:1-14.

SOLOMON'S SIN.—(1) A wrong heart. (2) Pride from worldly prosperity. (3) Polygamy. (4) Marrying heathen wives. (5) Consenting to and aiding idolatry, which was almost treason against God. (6) Oppression of the people.

CONSEQUENCES TO HIMSELF.—(1) The loss of God's peculiar favor. (2) Trouble at home. (3) Enemies without. (11:14-25.) (4) Rebellion against his rule by Jeroboam. (5) The loss of the larger part of his kingdom from his family.

CONSEQUENCES TO HIS KINGDOM.—(1) All the evils that came to himself. (2) Moral deterioration through his bad example. (3) Divisions of the kingdom.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

26. *Ephrathite:* Ephraimite. *Zereda:* an unknown place in Ephraim. *Lifted up his hand:* rebelled. 27. *And this was the cause:* this verse, and on to the 30th, contains an explanation of how and why Jeroboam "lifted up his hand against Solomon." *Millo:* probably a fortified embankment over the northern end of the Tyropœan valley, between Mounts Zion and Moriah. 28. *Charge of the house of Joseph:* over the forced laborers from the tribe of Ephraim the son of Joseph, such as is described in 1 Kings 5:13-15. 29. *Shilonite:* belonging to Shiloh, in Ephraim, 17 miles north of Jerusalem. It was the ancient religious capital. 30. *New garment:* belonging to the prophet, and representing the undivided kingdom. *Twelve pieces:* one for each tribe. 32. *One tribe:* Judah, which also absorbed and included Benjamin. 33. *Ashtoreth,* etc.: see last lesson. 36. *David may have a light alway:* his house shall always have a representative, and not be extinguished as a light is put out. This was fulfilled in David's descendant, Jesus Christ, and in his kingdom, and the new Jerusalem. 40. *Solomon sought to kill Jeroboam:* because he rebelled against him (v. 26), and did not wait for the Lord's time as David did for his.

SUBJECT: THE CONSEQUENCES OF SIN.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE CONSEQUENCES TO SOLOMON.—What was the first consequence of Solomon's sin? (11:9.) What had Solomon heard of God's favor? (Ps. 5:12; 30:5, 7; Deut. 33:23.) What had he said about it to others? (Prov. 3:3, 4; 8:35; 12:2; 16:7.) What other consequence is mentioned in 11:14-25. What one is the subject of this lesson? Can any one sin and avoid the consequences? Does God punish directly, or does he guide the natural consequences of sin? (Luke 12:5; Acts 5:5; Gal. 6:7; Prov. 16:18.) How was it in the case of Solomon? Why does a good God punish sin?

II. THE CONSEQUENCES TO HIS KINGDOM (vs. 26-33).—Would Solomon's bad example injure the morals of the people? What great injury to his kingdom is described in these verses? Who was Jeroboam? What did he do? (v. 26.) How did this come about? Why did Solomon exalt him? Describe his meeting with the prophet. What reason is given? (v. 33.) Does this verse imply that the people also fell into idolatry? Is there any safety or hope for a nation except in obedience to God? What can we do individually to keep our nation in God's favor?

III. MERCY AND JUSTICE (vs. 34-39).—Why did God leave a part of the kingdom in David's hands? Where is God's promise to David recorded? (2 Sam. 7:10-16.) Whose fault was it that all the good he had offered to David was not received by Solomon? What does this teach us about the fulfilment of God's promises? Does God delight to show mercy? On what condition could Jeroboam have a successful kingdom?

IV. CLOSE OF SOLOMON'S LIFE.—What became of Jeroboam? Why did Solomon seek his life? How long did Solomon reign? How old was he when he died? Why was not the offer of a long life fulfilled in his case? What are the chief lessons you can learn from Solomon's life and career?

## LESSON CALENDAR.

*(Fourth Quarter.)*

6. Nov. 10. David's Grief for Absalom. 2 Sam. 18:18-33.
7. Nov. 17. David's Last Words. 2 Sam. 23:1-7.
8. Nov. 24. Solomon's Wise Choice. 1 Kings 3:5-15.
9. Dec. 1. The Temple dedicated. 1 Kings 8:51-63.
10. Dec. 8. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 1 Kings 10:1-13.
**11. Dec. 15. Solomon's Fall. 1 Kings 11:4-13.**
**12. Dec. 22. Close of Solomon's Reign. 1 Kings 11:26-43.**
13. Dec. 29. Review and Temperance. Prov. 23:20-35.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## SENSIBLE ECONOMIES.

To have an under table-cloth of colored cotton flannel on your dining-table. It will not only make the linen one look better, but dull very much of the noise caused by moving dishes, and will repay its original cost in one year, in the added wear of the linen ones, principally on the edges of the table, where they otherwise wear out first.

To use clean white tablecloths every day, even though it necessitates rigid economy in washing and ironing in some other department of the house. Nothing more surely shows good breeding than fine table manners, and you can never teach your children these while habitually eating off an oil-cloth spread or a slovenly linen one.

To use Turkish towels for the kitchen as well as for bath towels; they wear well, wash easily and require no ironing.

To make "tacks" or comfortables for everyday use, of domestic gingham instead of calico. It only costs a trifle more, will wash better and wear as long again.

To use honeycomb or crochet bedspreads for all common use. They can now be obtained of fair quality as low as 75 cents, and an excellent one for $1.25. They are not heavy to wash, and look better when not ironed, but pulled out straight to dry.

To cut over the half-worn merino drawers and vests of adults for the children, as the latter are more expensive in proportion than the former.

To buy all standard cotton goods, and all such as come under the head of notions, and are either annually or semi-annually needed in every family, at wholesale of a jobbing-house. The little saved on each article amounts to a snug little sum during the year.

To purchase all dry goods of large dealers. Shopping by mail is now so easy that the dweller in the most remote country town is under no necessity of paying the exorbitant prices her local dealer invariably charges for all, except, perhaps, a few standard cotton goods.

To buy many kitchen supplies also at wholesale. If you cannot buy hard soap by the box then buy it by the dozen cakes, and either stand it up on a high shelf, first removing the papers, or else put it in a flour-sack, and hang it near the kitchen range. Age or dryness has more to do with the durability of this article than the brand has. To use a tin soap shaker, and so utilize every small piece without waste.

To make kitchen holders and dish-cloths by the dozen during the lull which comes semi-annually in other sewing, but do not sit and bind and quilt them beautifully as our grandmothers used to; their edges run together or sewed coarsely over and over, then quilted three or four times across on the sewing-machine, is a far more sensible way.

After beating an egg thoroughly in a bowl, add a coffee cupful of cold water, and use enough of this to wet your coffee when making. Keep on ice or in a cold place, and so waste no more egg by drying. Buy agate ware rather than tin for kitchen cooking utensils. The latter is made so cheap now that it is scarcely worth the buying. To get cedar wash tubs instead of the cheap pine ones; the former will outwear three of the latter.

For farmers to put in ice enough to last their families through the summer, then buy a refrigerator, and so not only save the overworked wife the almost endless running up and down stairs which she is now compelled to do, but have your food brought on to your table just as cool and appetizing as is the town residents'. One year's trial will suffice to convince the most skeptical.

If you have heavy articles of furniture without casters on, buy a few sets; they cost only 25 cents, and you can put them on yourself—if John is not that sort of a husband. Lifting them around for one weekly sweeping is harder than putting on a dozen sets.

If you are compelled to dress yourself and your family on a small allowance, to buy the best materials you can. It costs no more for lining or making an all-wool dress which will wear well two seasons and then make over for a child, than it does a cotton and wool one, which will be faded and dowdy-looking before one season is over.

If the housewife does either the making or re-making of her own and her children's clothes, to subscribe for one of the journals especially devoted to that purpose. There are three now which illustrate and carefully describe practical styles, and are far from being the reprints of elaborate Paris fashions they were a few years ago.

For the hard-worked farmers' wives and daughters to read—or, with folded hands, quietly rest—and let the muslin underwear go without any trimming, rather than shorten your lives by giving every spare moment to knitting or crocheting lace.

It is impossible to do everything in the most thorough manner. She is the wisest woman who best judges what can be slighted.—*The Cultivator.*

## HOW TO BATHE.

Perfect healthfulness is impossible without perfect cleanliness. Frequent bathing is necessary to free the mouths of the innumerable little sweat glands from obstructions, and permit the elimination of impurities from the body. Another important effect of the bath is its influence on the circulation of the blood. A bath, properly taken, invariably accelerates the circulation.

One should never bathe immediately after eating a hearty meal, but should wait two hours at least; nor should he bathe when greatly fatigued. The best time is just before retiring at night.

The entire body should be bathed two or three times a week in winter, and from three to seven times a week in summer.

It should be remembered that a quick, hot bath, especially when followed by a cool sponging and brisk rubbing, is strengthening, while to remain long in a warm bath is weakening. A hot bath is one in which the temperature is from 85 degree to 105 degree; a warm bath is from 70 degree to 80 degrees, and a cold bath, below 60 degrees.

There are many people to whom a cold bath is injurious. It should not be indulged in unless, when it is followed by drying and rubbing, the skin glows, and a grateful feeling of warmth is felt throughout the body.

It is desirable to exercise a little before bathing, either by taking a short brisk walk, or by using dumb-bells or Indian clubs for a few minutes. The temperature of the bath-room should be at least 72 degree. The regular bath of the average person should be taken in water at a temperature of from 75 degrees to 90 degrees. The soap used should be such as does not irritate the skin. There is none better than genuine white Castile.

One should remain in the bath from ten to twelve minutes, using soap and sponge freely. It is well to open the cold water faucet two or three minutes before stepping out, or to take a cool spray or shower-bath instead.

Immediately on leaving the bath it is well to envelope one's self in a loose gown made of Turkish towelling or thick flannel. This will prevent rapid evaporation and the chilling of the body, and absorb much of the moisture on the skin. The body should then be rubbed with a warm towel till perfectly dry and warm. The use of the flesh-brush after a bath is strengthening and healthful.—*Companion.*

## PARLOR GAMES.

### FIVE POINTS.

Each player makes at random upon his paper five dots with the point of a lead pencil, then passing the paper on, requires his right hand neighbor to draw the figure of a man, the position of whose head, hands and feet shall be denoted by the five dots. It sounds difficult, but really requires only a little ingenuity, even when the dots occupy the most impossible positions, to produce a caricature that answers every purpose.

### ADVICE.

Everybody being provided with paper and pencil, each player writes a piece of advice upon a slip of paper, which is folded and put into a hat. When all the papers are collected they are shuffled and drawn by the players. Each person must, before opening his paper, declare whether he considers the advice it contains as worthy of being followed or entirely unnecessary. He then reads the advice aloud. For instance A, who announces his advice as most excellent, discovers it to be: "You would be greatly improved by endeavoring to overcome your unbearable conceit." B, who says his advice is entirely uncalled for, finds it to read: "Do not be so recklessly generous, or you will some day come to want."

### WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

One of the players asking the question: "What is my thought like?" is answered at random by all the others in turn. These answers he writes down in the order received, and when everybody has responded he tells his thought. Then each player must give the reason why it resembles the object he has previously mentioned. For instance, A thinks of something and asks: "What is my thought like?" It is declared to be like "the sky," "the grass," "a tea-kettle," "an elephant," etc. When he confesses that he has been thinking of a certain lady in the room, and asks why she is like the array of objects mentioned, he is told: "She is like the sky because she is far above you." "She is like the grass because cows are her natural enemies." "She is like a tea-kettle because she sings." "She is like an elephant because she takes her trunk with her when she travels," etc.

### THROWING LIGHT.

Two of the company having agreed upon a word with more than one meaning, exchange remarks calculated to throw light upon it, while the other players do their best to guess the word. When any person fancies he has succeeded, instead of announcing the word he makes a remark calculated to indicate to the two leaders that he has discovered the secret. If they are in doubt as to his knowing the correct word, they question him in a whisper, and if he is right, he joins in the conversation with them, but if he is wrong, he has a handkerchief thrown over his head, which remains until he really divines the secret. Example: *A* and *B* have agreed upon the word "hair" or "hare." *A.* "It always startles me to see one." *B.* "Well, for my part it would startle me much more not to see one." *A.* "Are you fond of them for dinner?" *B.* "Horrors, no! The presence of one quite takes away my appetite," etc., etc.

### FLY FEATHER.

All the company sit in as small a circle as possible without crowding each other, and with a sheet stretched in their midst, held tightly under each chin. Somebody takes a small downy feather—any pillow will furnish one—and lets it float in the air, giving it a puff with his breath. The person toward whom it descends must likewise blow it up and away, for if it falls upon him, or he allows it to fall upon the sheet, he pays a forfeit.—*Parlor Games for the Wise and the Otherwise.*

## RAINY DAY AMUSEMENTS.

A wise mother writes of Rainy Day Amusements in *Good Housekeeping*: "There is a clay gully—foundry the children call it—in the hills not far from our home, and out of its blue depths our little folks obtain material that affords them keen amusement through shut-in, rainy, summer days.

"'Let's go up to the clay foundry and get some great big splats of clay,' is the word when the sky threatens a shut-in from out-door play. A splat of clay, I have learned, is a great wad of blue mud dough, all that each pair of little hands can possibly hold, to knead and roll and pull and spat till it is as soft and pliable as putty, ready for working into lilliputian furniture and dishes.

"A wide plank bench in the shed, or their little tables in their playhouse under the lilac trees, make convenient dough boards on which they knead and spat their clay, making dishes, cradles, bullets, sofas, soldiers and images of strange animals whose kind have become extinct if they ever lived.

"Sometimes, when a cradle rocker, or a pitcher handle, or the pudgy arms of a clay baby are refractory and won't stick in place, mamma is summoned from her dough board to exercise her by no means forgotten skill and talent in gracefully moulding and securely mooring such needful appendages at just the right angle on the clay treasure that is being patted and knuckled and pinched into shape. The shelves in their diminutive cupboards in their play-house are fairly spilling with such sun-dried clay images and crockery, and each dish, and doll, and chair counts for a good time.

"I have made each of the children a long-sleeved, dark print tire, which they are expected to wear when playing with clay dough, to protect their clothing from muddy smudges.

"With sprigs of cedar, twigs of swamp alders, burrs, pretty ferns and deeply veined leaves for stamping outfits, and plenty of acorns, burdock burrs, juniper buds, fir cones and the curious winged seeds of the river maple for decoration, to bead and trim the edges of plates and platters after their elaborate stamping from rim to rim, and a hatful of old tin spice boxes and acorn cups, the iron buckles of a superannuated harness, and the scalloped rims of a disabled cake cutter and a big splat of clay, rainy days can be made brimful of good times for little, shut-in children."

## RECIPES.

ROASTED EGGS.—Prick a hole in each egg shell with a pin. Wrap the egg in wet paper and put it into hot ashes to cook. Fifteen minutes should cook them. Serve as boiled eggs.

OMELET.—Put three eggs in a bowl and give them twelve vigorous beats with a fork. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, shake over the fire until hot; put in the beaten egg shake over the fire until set; sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll and turn on a hot dish. Garnish with parsley.

RICE PAN CAKES.—Take one and a half cups of boiled rice, one and half pints of flour, a teacupful of sour milk, half a teacupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs, a pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of melted butter; mix well and bake on a hot, well-greased griddle. Serve hot with maple syrup.

ADVICE TO COOKS.—"Everything," says Miss C. Ryan, in her "Convalescent Cookery," should be scrupulously clean as well as faultlessly neat. Cover the tray with a white cloth always, no matter how cheap the material of which it may be. The sight of a black tray, perhaps one which has seen better days, will not improve a sick person's appetite—nor, it may be added, that of a hale or sound person, either. Never fill a huge tray with a cover-dish and one or two large plates and a great carving knife and fork. Anything which suggests weight to a patient fatigues. There are nurses who would not only bring up such a tray, but would deposit it on the bed."

## PUZZLES—NO. 23.

### BIBLE ENIGMA.

I'm in Bible and believe,
I'm in render and receive,
I'm in willing and decline,
I'm in wicked and divine,
I'm in stable and abode,
I'm in ventured and vetoed,
I'm in wander and abide,
I'm in given and denied,
I'm in narrow and in long,
I'm in tender and in strong,
I'm in hither and behind,
I'm in easy and confined,
I'm in silver and in gold,
I'm in borrowed and in sold,
I'm in sorrow and in mirth,
In abundance and in dearth.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

### SQUARE.

1. A month mentioned in the Bible. 2. A matron. 3. So be it. 4. Torn.

HARRY LAKEWAY.

### PI NO. 1.

A lofshoi nso si a freig ot shi cafthr, dan sternstibe ot rhe tath reab nhi. N. S. McE.

### PI NO. 2.

Noe yb con yth tudise tiaw heet
Tel hty lochw nertshgt og ot chne
Lte on ruotuf mrdsea tleea hete
Ranel tuho fltsr tawh sethe nea chent.

A. M. McRAE.

### BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Priest, "a scribe of the law of the God of heaven."
2. Mother of king Jehoiachim.
3. Place from which gold was brought to king Solomon.
4. Present capital of Egypt.
5. Hanged on the gallows he had prepared for another.

Initials give the name of the first man translated to heaven. Finals the first made high priest. HANNAH E. GREENE.

## PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Hannah E. Greene, Neil S. McEachren, Lilly Hutchinson. All readers of the *Messenger* are invited to send answers and puzzles for this department.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 23.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—

If little labor, little are our gains
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

ENIGMA.—Killarney.

PI.—"All that you do, do with your might, things done by halves are never done right.

SQUARE.—

M A R C H
A G I L E
R I P E N
C L E A N
H E N N A

## The Family Circle.

### THE CITY'S POOR.

*O God, the city groaneth at my feet!*
I look on crowded thousands faint with woe
*Have I no help for them? no message meet?*
Teach me that I may know.

I see the little children everywhere,
Wan little children, old when life is new,
Poor, friendless fledgelings where the woods are bare,
*Flowers, where there falls no dew.*

Whose are they? For their parents heed them not,
Nor care the busy throngs that pass them by;
Their homes are penury and shame, their lot
To suffer, sin, and die.

The fair, green hills, the boundless fields, where bloom
The vernal cowslip and the summer rose;
The free, glad sunshine of God's glorious room,
Their childhood never knows.

The songs of birds, that in sweet season mate
And fill the pleasant May-time with delight,
Reach not those little prisoners of fate
In their perpetual night.

Yet have they guests that will not be denied,
The beggar brood of darkness evermore,
Fever and famine, and all ills beside,
Camped by each hovel door.

The stars turn pale, the very sunbeams stray
Bewildered in those alleys' grisly shade—
And O, to think our palace-builders stay
So near them undismayed!

We pile the marble for the rich man's tomb,
We hang the satin at my lady's head,
Are suffering souls, are living hearts in gloom
More worthless than the dead?

The frothy tides of fashion come and go,
And every bubble hath its fools in train;
But the great under-surge of human woe
Unceasing calls in vain.

One passing sigh is pity's only gift,
Murmured from breasts that should be first to bleed;
"How sad, but 'tis God's law that one man's thrift
Comes by another's need."

Preposterous trifling! shall a selfish mind
Hide the world's trouble with a pious plea?
Sad truth asks honest eyes, and none are blind
As those who will not see.

Still yawns the deep, and struggling misery calls;
Come down and help us; we are well-nigh spent!
The darkness closes—Ere death's ruin falls,
Is there no angel sent?

"We yet are brothers, though the primal stain
Makes labor seem a never-ending ill;
And through the shadows, sorrow more than gain
Shall keep us brothers still.

"We ask for hearts, though busy, beating yet,
We ask for hands, yet warm, to bring us aid;
These are the gifts that selfish souls forget,
These are the debts unpaid."

Surely our riches are not where we think,
And the kind thought is more than all our store.
The laugh of children, not the guinea's chink,
Rings at love's open door.

Therefore, O God, I tread this city street,
With sadness that is not a foolish grief;
And from Thy heavens I hear my message sweet,
"Take heart, I bring relief!"

*—Belle Eyre, in Youth' Companion.*

### THE MINISTER'S BARGAIN.

The new minister came down from his room in a costume more suggestive of a day-laborer than a gentleman of the cloth. He was young. This was his first charge, unless his young wife might be considered his first charge, which he had cared for well. She met him now at the foot of the stairs, her pretty nose turned upward, and a look of smiling disgust on her face.

"James!" she exclaimed, "how you do look! Suppose Deacon Brown should come to call?"

"Tell him that I am at the back of the lot," said her husband, cheerfully, "and that they must give me a larger salary if they don't expect me to beat my own carpets."

It might not have been anything remarkable if the worthy deacon, seeing his pastor, had been shocked at the reverend gentleman's appearance. He wore an old slouch hat, and the remainder of his toilet was entirely in keeping with that tramp-like remnant. Even his every-day clothes must not be subjected to the trial of carpet-beating.

The carpet was not very large, nor very new, although the housekeeping trials of that little family were both. It belonged with the parsonage, and had stood, with the entire building, the wear and tear of many a donation party and the playful feet of many little children. The sturdy young man soon had it stretched across the line and proceeded to whittle a convenient stick into proper shape. The day was very windy, and anyone who has tried to beat a carpet in such weather understands the difficulties which constantly beset him. It is simply astonishing how much dust can hide itself within the outside company character of a deceitful ingrain carpet—how it will, when its faults are discovered, elude every effort to correct them! But the young minister was not to be discouraged. In this new field he would have harder foes to fight.

In the late part of the forenoon his wife came out to tell him that one of the deacons had actually come, and he replied that he would receive him there at his post, or King Æolus might decide to carry the little carpet off on a breezy trip. Thus it came to pass that the clergyman, wiping the perspiration and dust from his face, was soon discussing church-work with Mr. Everett.

"You will not find the field a difficult one, I fancy," said that gentleman, "although there are a few perplexities. There is one man who is a great vexation and disappointment to us. Mr. Bedford, yonder, some years ago became alienated from the church, and since then has done a great deal to hinder, rather than to help, our work. He is a wealthy man; in fact, the only one in the village, and was a great loss to the church. I was hopeful that a new pastor might get hold of him, but I almost fear he is beyond our reach."

The minister cast his eye toward the pretty stone house, up the brook a little way, surrounded by the prosperous farms of its owner, stretching out to the background of wooded hills. Who knew but it might be his mission there to help this erring one, so rich in gold, but so poor at heart!

The odor of broiling beefsteak was already beginning to suggest a welcome repast in the tiny dining-room, and the carpet was conquered. The wearied worker was turning his face toward the breeze that slipped softly along the brookside, when there approached him an elderly gentleman, with somewhat severe lips and deep-set eyes.

"I am looking for a man to beat my carpet," he said; "it must wait no longer. I have been watching you this morning, and I think you are about the sort of a man I want. You look as though you would be glad of a job. Is this the parsonage carpet? What a dirty little rag it is! My name is Bedford; my home is the stone house yonder. Well, what do you say?"

It may be that a roguish smile played for a moment about the young minister's handsome features, but it was suppressed before his would-be employer had noticed it.

"I think," he said, "that I will be able to do your work."

But his sudden idea must be even more quickly decided upon. "If you don't know," said his interviewer, sternly, "I will seek elsewhere. I am a prompt man, and I wish others to be."

"I will do your work for you," said the clergyman, "and will be at your house in an hour."

The engagement being made, his visitor left, and he hastened in toward the beefsteak, fearing that his real character would be betrayed by his wife.

"Kittie," he said, as he came down a second time, without having improved his toilet, "I am going over to the stone house, across the brook, to beat the gentleman's carpet."

"James!" said his wife, again showing merry dismay. "To what limit will your generosity extend? I am afraid you are not planning to make a very long stay in this church. When are you going to write your sermon?"

"I have my text," he said, gaily; "'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' And I am not showing any generosity, either. I have hired out. Good-bye!" and, with a parting kiss, the workman started for his task.

Mr. Bedford's Brussels carpet, of fine texture and choice pattern, had never been served better than that afternoon. The young minister did his work well, and, when it was done, looked at the clean fabric, spread upon the green grass, with as much satisfaction as he had had over his first sermon. Mr. Bedford's place afforded more assistance than he had at his home, but this carpet was also larger than his, and the day was plainly waning when, the object of his labors deposited with his own muscular arms in its proper place, he sought his employer, and informed him that his work was done.

"Well," said Mr. Bedford, uttering the favorite monosyllable more pleasantly than usual, "you have done it well; I shall inquire for you when I need further help. What is your name, and how much do I owe you?"

The roguish smile overcame its bashfulness this time, and stayed boldly on the clergyman's face. He reached into his ragged pocket and drew forth his card:

REV. JAMES WESTWOOD.
Avondale Berean Church.
*Sabbath services 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.*

"My card," he said, pleasantly, handing it to his employer; "and if you will make yourself at home in my church, Mr. Bedford, and we may look to you for help and sympathy, we will consider this matter square."

It is not in my power to describe the astonished look, or astonished thoughts, which succeeded this disclosure, Mr. Bedford seemed undecided as to whether to be disgusted or amused.

"So you are the new minister?" he said.

"I have that honor," said the ragged and reverend gentleman.

"Well," said Mr. Bedford again, grimly, "your wages are high—something out of my line entirely, I may say; but you have done your part, and it's a fair bargain: I said I would let you set your own price. Will you remain to tea, Mr. Westwood?"

But the new minister wended his way across the brook-path toward his little home, and, with a lighter heart than if he had earned many a dollar by his hard day's work; and dollars were not too common in his modest pocket-book, as you, dear friend, well know.

Suffice it to say, that the bargain was kept; that a prominent pew in the village church became the property of Mr. Bedford, until, instead of his creating surprise by his presence there, the doctor used to write his name in his memorandum, whenever he did not appear in his place on Sabbath morning. Let me pause to tell that one morning, not long afterward, a large package was left on the porch of the tiny parsonage, which was found to contain a carpet of as fine texture and finely harmonized tints as Mr. Bedford's own, just the size for the parlor of that home; let me even add, that, as the anniversary returns each year, one more floor in the house is decked with a new and lovely covering, from the stone house over the brook, and that when the number is complete, it is suspected that the church itself is coming in for a share; for Mr. Bedford always declares that the young minister has never received his full wages for that job done by the ragged carpet-beater.—*R. M. Alden, in Herald and Presbyter.*

### GOING TO COLLEGE.

At this season many fathers and mothers are asking whether going to college is advisable for the son or daughter, who, in turn, is considering whether it be best to "prepare." Since the decision for or against is generally made at this initial point, we have a few suggestions which, we hope, will aid all those undecided in regard to the important step. If parents can afford to give the time or money, or both, which a four years' course requires, we say to parents, "Give it," and to boys and girls, "Take it." At a certain period in a boy's school life, generally when he is sixteen years old, he wants to leave school and go into store or shop. Boys who would begin their fortune-making at once, parents who are inclined to let them, should both remember several things as to a college course. The time spent in study does not unfit one for business life. If a boy has the true business talent he will rise all the more quickly for knowing something more than that which is immediately connected with his own duties, and any one who has observed for himself knows that a college graduate often overtakes the boys who left school too early. Another point not commonly thought of is the opportunities in college for physical development during the years when both boys and girls most need them. Shut up in office or shop for eight hours a day, with few inducements to good, hard exercise, the boy's muscles become flabby before reaching their full size, the chest ceases to increase in expansion, and no wonder that a well-developed, athletic business man is the exception. Provided that there be no shirking of study, it would pay to send a boy to college for the sake of the opportunities offered by athletics and in the gymnasium with its systematic training.

We are aware that this inducement to a college course is not often presented, and it should not stand as a leading motive. The ideal education consists in training all the powers, spiritual, intellectual and physical, and if an education slights any one of these it is faulty. Never were there so many college students who do not intend to become professional men as there are to-day. The old and well-tried arguments for a liberal education are being accepted, and the college is appreciated by a rapidly increasing class. It is because we believe thoroughly in these benefits that we also urge other less obvious reasons for the college course.

The case in brief is this: What does college do for one? It shows a man his ignorance; the educated man appreciates, as no one else can, the fact that there is much to learn in the world. He does not present the painful spectacle of a man utterly ignorant of his own lack of knowledge. The educated man is not one crammed with facts; but one who has learned, in some degree, how to use, in the contest with his ignorance, the soul, mind, and body which God has given him; and because college advantages, properly appreciated, produce such men, we urge all who can to accept them. In regard to expense, a young fellow who lately worked his way through one of our universities said that he possessed, on graduating more money than on entering. Never were there more opportunities to work one's way to an education than now.

On the whole, too, we believe there is no place where the moral and religious life of our young men receives more attention and development. Sad as have been some of the wrecks that have drifted out from college halls, and rationalistic and non-moral as are the influences which surround some of our great colleges, we believe that the college is as likely, to say the least, to graduate pure and honest Christian men as the shop or the store.

These arguments are intended for the girls as well as the boys, for until the much desired common gender pronoun is found we must use the masculine.

Boys and girls, if you are standing at the forks of the roads to-day, and if you have determination, fair intellectual ability and some moral stamina, take the road that leads to the college hall, if it is not altogether hedged up before you.—*Golden Rule.*

### AN ODD SPECTACLE.

A horse with goggles was one of the attractions of the Clinton square market place. The Manlius farmer who owned him said he discovered recently that the animal was very near-sighted, and an oculist took the necessary measurements, and, sending to New York, had a pair of concave spectacles made expressly for Dobbin. When the farmer tried them for the first time the horse appeared to be startled, but recovering from his surprise manifested every symptom of pleasure. They are made so as to be firmly fastened in the headstall, and cannot be worn without that piece of harness. "When I turn him out to pasture," said the farmer, "he feels uneasy and uncomfortable without his goggles, and last Sunday he hung around the barn and whinnied so plaintively that I took out the bit and put the headstall and goggles on him, and he was so glad that he rubbed my shoulder with his nose. Then he kicked up his heels and danced down to the pasture. You ought to have seen him. I hate to let him wear specs all the time, though for fear he will break them."—*Bridgeport Standard.*

## AN AFRICAN MISSIONARY PIONEER.

Happily, in these latter days, the "city without walls" grows so fast that it is not possible for readers, however well disposed, to keep themselves informed about every point in the growing and widening circumference of the "wall of fire" (Zech. ii. 4,5). We will, therefore, before telling our readers something about Dr. Laws, describe in few words the origin of the Mission to which he has devoted his life.

Nyassa is called a lake with geographical propriety, but the name might easily mislead. It has fourteen thousand square miles of area, is 350 miles long, and its breadth varies from 16 to 60 miles; so that it is in fact a great inland sea, the ninth in size of the inland seas of the world. Only two lakes in Africa are greater—Bangweolo, not yet touched by missions, and the great Victoria Nyanza, out of which the Nile flows. It is the most southern of the three lakes which form so remarkable a feature of the centre of Africa. Tanganyika begins 260 miles north of it, and stretches to within 200 miles of Victoria. Lake Nyasa is connected with the Indian Ocean by the Shire, which flows out of its southern end and joins the Zambesi, a circumstance which must always give it special importance as a highway into Central Africa.

David Livingstone discovered the lake about 1859, and, at the first meeting of the General assembly of the Free Church of Scotland after his death, it was resolved to found there a Mission that might perpetuate his name and carry forward the noble purpose of his life Considerable enthusiasm and much prayer accompanied this resolution, and while large results have already been obtained, the spirit of prayer and genuine devotedness is undiminished. The organizing and equipping of the Mission occupied some months, and another of the churches of Scotland, the United Presbyterian, furnished the most prominent member of the pioneer staff which set forth in May, 1875.

Robert Laws comes of the old Puritan stock which gave Duff and Wilson, Hyslop and Anderson to India; Robert Moffat and David Livingstone to Africa. Nothing is grander in the modern development of the kingdom of Christ, and nothing, we may add, is more profoundly instructive, than the manner in which the deep spiritual life of our country, forced into narrow channels by generations of persecution and social restriction, has proved its connection with "the throne of God and of the Lamb" by flowing at length in life-giving streams to all parts of the desert earth. From his father, who still lives, honored and useful, in Aberdeen, the future missionary derived a thorough knowledge of the Word of God and those intense convictions of his personal relation to the Lord Jesus which form the only reasonable and enduring ground of missionary devotion. He was born May 28, 1851. Self-denial began early. With his mind made up to spend his life in the service of Christ among the heathen, Robert Laws was also resolved to go forth with the full status both of an ordained minister and of a qualified physician. It was in his favor that his home should be in a University city, where he could obtain the secular and theological training required; but, on the other hand, all the cost of his education must be furnished by the labor of his own hands. He wrought at his father's handicraft—the same which Joseph and the Lord Jesus followed at Nazareth—in order to support himself and pay college fees; and he added years to his life by a rigorous system of early rising, two or three hours a day being thus secured for study before the day's manual labor began. The titles which we have printed after his name were thus earned by the sweat of his brow as well as by the faithful use of his brain. And his experience as a carpenter has proved of great value to him in Africa.

Dr. Laws' heart is a grandly single one; full of love to the Saviour and to men for his sake; humble, prayerful, utterly undivided. His friends began to make discovery of this when he was serving, in 1874–5, as a medical missionary in Glasgow. Small-pox became epidemic, and the young physician threw himself readily into the work of the hospital, when others, naturally enough, shrank from the loathsome disease. Thus, when the Free Church resolved on its Livingstonia Mission, the sister Church was ready to take part in the work by furnishing the first missionary, fully equipped and wholly devoted. He was ordained at Aberdeen, April 26, 1875, the venererable Dr. Duff taking part in the solemn services. While the Free Church manages the Mission, and has given to it many workers, the United Presbyterian continues its loving share in it by providing Dr. Laws' salary.

It was on October 12, 1875, that Dr. Laws and his party entered Lake Nyassa. The manner of their entrance was significant. A little steamer of 40 horse power had been carried out in plates and up the Zambesi and Shire to the Murchison Rapids, where a land portage of sixty-five miles is necessary. Arrived at the northern end of these rapids, the plates were put together, and the *Ilala*, named after the spot where Livingstone died, was launched on that career of much usefulness from which she has never rested these fourteen years. The pioneers saw, as they moved into the great mysterious sea, mountain ranges on either hand, with peaks rising to 8,000 ft. and even 12,000 ft.; populous villages of from 6,000 to 10,000 inhabitants at intervals on the shore; smaller villages but more numerous on the hills, shepherds, fishermen, field laborers, and some blacksmiths; fifteen tribes or nations, speaking different tongues, inhabiting the wide shores; all without exception in total ignorance of civilization and of the Gospel.

THE REV. ROBERT LAWS, M.D., F.R.G.S.

Of course we cannot attempt to give, even in outline, the history of the Mission during these fourteen eventful years. We can only mention some striking results.

In 1886 we asked the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society how many of the languages of Africa had been reduced to writing since Livingstone died in 1873, and were surprised to learn that the number was fourteen. This did not include the Chinyanga language, which Dr. Laws found to be understood along the whole eastern shore of the Lake; for it was the National Bible Society of Scotland which printed an edition of the Chinyanga New Testament (2,000 copies) in 1885. The translator came home in that year for the purpose of seeing it and certain catechisms and primers through the press; and in June, 1886, he returned, thankful for the past, resolute and hopeful for the future, a strong man every way, having accomplished much before reaching his thirty-fifth year. The impression he left on the minds of all who saw and heard him was of one who has the elements of true greatness.

Fourteen years is not a long period, and it is scarcely that since the *Ilala* "burst into that silent sea." The stations formed along its western shore, from Cape Maclear in the south to the Stevenson Road leading up to the Tanganyika platform on the north, are six in number; there are ten schools, with over seven hundred pupils; there are five Scottish missionaries and one (Mr. A. C. Murray) from the Cape Colony, four of whom are doctors as well as ministers; there are three teacher evangelists and three artisan evangelists, all from Scotland; there are four ladies working among the women and girls, wives of European missionaries; seven native Christians are doing mission work; and the contributions of the converts amounted in 1887 to £142 3s. 8d. The very greatest care is used in admitting candidates to baptism, so that the membership is as yet small; but the quality is good, as we shall see, and the progress made in education, along with the reducing of three other languages besides the Chinyanga to writing, furnishes the best hopes of future progress. There is a mission press at Bandawe, and a dictionary of the language has been printed.

In his delightful book, "Tropical Africa," Professor Drummond has made two or three short but emphatic references to what he saw during his visit:—

The bright spot on Lake Nyassa is Bandawe—Dr. Laws' station—only a lodge or two in a vast wilderness, and the swarthy worshippers flock to the seatless chapel on M'hunga's Day, dressed mostly in bows and arrows. The said chapel, nevertheless, is as great an achievement in its way as Cologne Cathedral, and its worshippers are quite as much interested, and some of them at least to quite as much purpose. In reality no words can be a fit witness here to the impression made by Dr. Laws, Mrs. Laws, and their few helpers, upon this singular and apparently intractable material. A visit to Bandawe is a great moral lesson. And I cherish no more sacred memory of my life than that of a communion service in the little Bandawe chapel, when the sacramental cup was handed to me by the bare black arm of a native communicant—a communicant whose life, tested afterwards in many an hour of trial with me on the Tanganyika plateau, gave him perhaps a better right to be there than any of us.

On a latter page Professor Drummond gives another glimpse of this man, Moolu, as "a commonplace black, who did his duty and never told a lie; and who, every night of the march, kept up a religious service with the men, addressing them with hearty earnestness and leading them in prayer." The consistency of his life made these efforts of Moolu respected and effective.

The African Lakes Company followed the Livingstonia Mission in 1876, one purpose of its founders being to supply the missionaries with a means of communication with the world outside. This purpose has been admirably served, and the company has brought up the "Charles Janssen," a steam vessel, for the Universities Mission on the western shores of Nyassa, and the "Good News," for the London Missionary Society to Tanganyika. It has founded eleven trading stations on the route from Quilimane to the Stevenson Road, and begun profitable and lawful trade. But for a year and a half now its agents have been attacked by the Arab slave hunters, who see plainly enough that their cruel and wicked practices cannot be carried on where lawful commerce exists. The position of the missionaries has thus become very painful and critical. They remain strictly non-combatants and their work prospers; but a terrible uncertainty hangs over both their work and their lives. When Dr. Laws was at home, we asked him whether he came into contact with the slave trade, and his reply was, "One morning I went to the school and found no scholars, although the day before there had been plenty. At length one boy drew near, and I asked the reason. "Have you not heard of So-and-so?" naming a girl of twelve, bright and comely, who had on the previous afternoon brought her piece of sewing to the teacher neatly folded, bidden her good-bye, and gone off, tripping lightly with two companions, to her home only three miles distant. 'No,' I said; 'what of her?' 'Oh, she and her companions were seized on the way home and carried off in an Arab dhow to the other side of the Lake.' No wonder parents were chary of sending their children to school for a while."

The position is now much worse, and the letters that come home are heartrending. Captain Lugard, who had gone out for his health's sake after severe service in Burmah, was at Karonga's when the Arab attack began, and generously gave the Scotchmen and the many natives under their protection the benefit of his professional skill in defending their lives. In this service he was shot through both arms, and he has come home to consult with friends here as to what can be done. We asked his opinion about the missionary work he saw at Blantyre, and Bandawe, and Karonga's, and his answer, given with much emphasis, was, "My opinion is very high; very high indeed. The work is genuine." Then he told us the story of David, and spoke warmly of Dr. Kerr Cross, to whose skill he owes the restored use of his arms, and of the pleasure and profit of weeks spent with the Laws at Bandawe, and with Clement Scott and his companions at Blantyre.

Mrs. Laws—sister of Dr. Gray, of Rome—a whole-hearted and able worker, went out to join her heroic husband in 1879, the first white woman to enter that region of Central Africa. Her influence for good has been very great, and several ladies have taken heart from her example. So that, if once the monstrous Arab element could be eliminated, a very hopeful future lies before the Livingstonia Mission. Captain Lugard joins heartily in the words of Professor Drummond: "I will say of these missionaries, and count it an honor to say it, that they are brave, efficient, single-hearted men, who need our sympathy more than we know, and are equally above our criticism and our praise."

May we hope, and indeed ask, that what we have written may secure for Dr. Laws and his companions an interest in the prayers of those "that are the Lord's remembrancers" (Isa. lxii. 6, R.V.)? Let them not be forgotten by those who read this little sketch.—*The Christian.*

## THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

### I.—A Little Snow Bird.

It was very early Christmas morning, and in the stillness of the dawn, with the soft snow falling on the housetops, a little child was born in the Bird household.

They had intended to name the baby Lucy, if it were a girl; but they hadn't expected her on Christmas morning, and a real Christmas baby was not to be lightly named—the whole family agreed in that.

They were consulting about it in the nursery. Mr. Bird said that he had assisted in naming the three boys, and that he should leave this matter entirely to Mrs. Bird; Donald wanted the child called "Maud," after a pretty little curly-headed girl who sat next him in school; Paul chose "Luella," for Luella was the nurse who had been with him during his whole babyhood, up to the time of his first trousers, and the name suggested all sorts of comfortable things. Uncle Jack said that the first girl should always be named for her mother, no matter how hideous the name happened to be.

Grandma said that she would prefer not to take any part in the discussion, and everybody suddenly remembered that Mrs. Bird had thought of naming the baby Lucy, for Grandma herself; and, while it would be indelicate for her to favor that name, it would be against human nature for her to suggest any other, under the circumstances.

Hugh, the "hitherto baby," if that is a possible term, sat in one corner and said nothing, but felt, in some mysterious way, that his nose was out of joint; for there was a newer baby now, a possibility he had never taken into consideration; and the "first girl," too, a still higher development of treason, which made him actually green with jealousy.

But it was too profound a subject to be settled then and there, on the spot; besides, Mamma had not been asked, and everybody felt it rather absurd, after all, to forestall a decree that was certain to be absolutely wise, just and perfect.

The reason that the subject had been brought up at all so early in the day lay in the fact that Mrs. Bird never allowed her babies to go over night unnamed. She was a person of so great decision of character that she would have blushed at such a thing; she said that to let blessed babies go dangling and dawdling about without names, for months and months, was enough to ruin them for life. She also said that if one could not make up one's mind in twenty-four hours it was a sign that—but I will not repeat the rest, as I might prejudice you against the most charming woman in the world.

So Donald took his new velocipede and went out to ride up and down the stone pavement and notch the shins of innocent people as they passed by, while Paul spun his musical top on the front steps.

But Hugh refused to leave the scene of action. He seated himself on the top stair in the hall, banged his head against the railing a few times, just by way of uncorking the vials of his wrath, and then subsided into gloomy silence, waiting to declare war if more "first girl babies" were thrust upon a family already surfeited with that unnecessary article.

Meanwhile dear Mrs. Bird lay in her room, weak, but safe and happy with her sweet girl baby by her side and the heaven of motherhood opening before her. Nurse was making gruel in the kitchen, and the room was dim and quiet. There was a cheerful open fire in the grate, but though the shutters were closed, the side windows that looked out on the Church of our Saviour, next door, were wide open.

Suddenly a sound of music poured out into the bright air and drifted into the chamber. It was a boy-choir singing Christmas anthems. Higher and higher rose the clear, fresh voices, full of hope and cheer, as children's voices always are. Fuller and fuller grew the burst of melody as one glad strain fell upon another in joyful harmony:

"Carol, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully,
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily!

And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all your fellow-men;
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas day again."

One verse followed another always with the same glad refrain:

"And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all your fellow-men:
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas Day again."

Mrs. Bird thought, as the music floated in upon her gentle sleep, that she had slipped into heaven with her new baby, and that the angels were bidding them welcome. But the tiny bundle by her side stirred a little, and though it was scarcely more than the ruffling of a feather, she awoke; for the mother-ear is so close to the heart that it can hear the faintest whisper of a child.

She opened her eyes and drew the baby closer.

"Calol, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully,
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily!"

The voices were brimming over with joy.

"Why, my baby," whispered Mrs. Bird in soft surprise, "I had forgotten what day it was. You are a little Christmas child, and we will name you 'Carol'—mother's little Christmas Carol!"

"What!" said Mr. Bird, coming in softly and closing the door behind him.

"Why, Donald, don't you think 'Carol' is a sweet name for a Christmas baby? It came to me just a moment ago in the singing as I was lying here half asleep and half awake."

"I think it is a charming name, dear heart, and that it sounds just like you, and I hope that, being a girl, this baby has some chance of being as lovely as her mother," at which speech from the baby's papa, Mrs. Bird, though she was as weak and tired as she could be, blushed with happiness.

And so Carol came by her name.

Of course, it was thought foolish by many people, though Uncle Jack declared laughingly that it was very strange if a whole family of Birds could not be indulged in a single Carol; and Grandma, who adored the child, thought the name much more appropriate than Lucy, but was glad that people would probably think it short for Caroline.

Perhaps, because she was born in holiday time, Carol was a very happy baby. Of course, she was too tiny to understand the joy of Christmas-tide, but people say there is everything in a good beginning, and she may have breathed in unconsciously the fragrance of evergreens and holiday dinners; while the peals of sleighbells and the laughter of happy children may have fallen upon her baby ears and wakened in them a glad surprise at the merry world she had come to live in.

Her cheeks and lips were as red as holly berries; her hair was for all the world the color of a Christmas candle-flame; her eyes were bright as stars; her laugh like a chime of Christmas bells, and her tiny hands forever outstretched in giving.

Such a generous little creature you never saw! A spoonful of bread and milk had always to be taken by Mama or nurse before Carol could enjoy her supper; and whatever bit of cake or sweetmeat found its way into her pretty fingers, it was straightway broken in half and shared with Donald, Paul or Hugh; and, when they made believe nibble the morsel with affected enjoyment, she would clap her hands and crow with delight. "Why does she do it?" asked Donald, thoughtfully; "none of us boys ever did." "I hardly know," said Mama, catching her darling to her heart, "except that she is a little Christmas child, and so she has a tiny share of the blessedest birthday the world ever saw!"

### II.—Drooping Wings.

It was December, ten years later. Carol had seen nine Christmas trees lighted on her birthdays, one after another; nine times she had assisted in the holiday festivities of the household, though in her babyhood her share of the gayeties was somewhat limited.

"SHE IS A LITTLE CHRISTMAS CHILD."

For five years, certainly, she had hidden presents for Mama and Papa in their own bureau drawers, and harbored a number of secrets sufficiently large to burst a baby's brain, had it not been for the relief gained by whispering them all to Mama, at night, when she was in her crib, a proceeding which did not in the least lessen the value of a secret in her innocent mind.

For five years she had heard "'Twas the night before Christmas," and hung up a scarlet stocking many sizes too large for her, and pinned a sprig of holly on her little white night gown, to show Santa Claus that she was a "truly" Christmas child, and dreamed of furcoated saints and toy-packs and reindeer, and wished everybody a "Merry Christmas" before it was light in the morning, and lent every one of her new toys to the neighbors' children before noon, and eaten turkey and plum pudding, and gone to bed at night in a trance of happiness at the day's pleasure.

Donald was away at college now. Paul and Hugh were great manly fellows, taller than their mother. Papa Bird had grey hairs in his whiskers; and Grandma, God bless her, had been four Christmases in heaven. But Christmas in the Birds' Nest was scarcely as merry now as it used to be in the bygone years, for the little child that once brought such an added blessing to the day, lay, month after month, a patient, helpless invalid, in the room where she was born.

She had never been very strong in body, and it was with a pang of terror her mother and father noticed, soon after she was five years old, that she began to limp, ever so slightly; to complain too often of weariness, and to nestle close to her mother, saying she "would rather not go out to play, please." The illness was slight at first, and hope was always stirring in Mrs. Bird's heart. "Carol would feel stronger in the summer-time;" or, "She would be better when she had spent a year in the country;" or, "She would outgrow it;" or, "They would try a new physician;" but by-and-by it came to be all too sure that no physician save One could make Carol strong again, and that no "summer time" nor "country air," unless it were the everlasting summer-time in a heavenly country, could bring back the little girl to health.

The cheeks and lips that were once as red as holly-berries faded to faint pink; the star-like eyes grew softer, for they often gleamed through tears; and the gay child-laugh, that had been like a chime of Christmas bells, gave place to a smile so lovely, so touching, so tender and patient, that it filled every corner of the house with a gentle radiance that might have come from the face of the Christ-child himself.

Love could do nothing; and when we have said that we have said all, for it is stronger than anything else in the whole wide world. Mr. and Mrs. Bird were talking it over one evening when all the children were asleep. A famous physician had visited them that day, and told them that sometime, it might be in one year, it might be in more, Carol would slip quietly off into heaven, whence she came.

"Dear heart," said Mr. Bird, pacing up and down the library floor, "it is no use to shut our eyes to it any longer; Carol will never be well again. It almost seems as if I could not bear it when I think of that loveliest child doomed to lie there day after day, and, what is still more, to suffer pain that we are helpless to keep away from her. Merry Christmas, indeed; it gets to be the saddest day in the year to me!" and poor Mr. Bird sank into a chair by the table, and buried his face in his hands, to keep his wife from seeing the tears that would come in spite of all his efforts. "But, Donald, dear," said sweet Mrs. Bird, with trembling voice, "Christmas day may not be so merry with us as it used, but it is very happy, and that is better, and very blessed, and that is better yet. I suffer chiefly for Carol's sake, but I have almost given up being sorrowful for my own. I am too happy in the child, and I see too clearly what she has done for us and for our boys."

"That's true, bless her sweet heart," said Mr. Bird; "she has been better than a daily sermon in the house ever since she was born, and especially since she was taken ill."

"Yes, Donald and Paul and Hugh were three strong, wilful, boisterous boys, but you seldom see such tenderness, devotion, thought for others and self-denial in lads of their years. A quarrel or a hot word is almost unknown in this house. Why? Carol would hear it, and it would distress her, she is so full of love and goodness. The boys study with all their might and main. Why? Partly, at least, because they like to teach Carol, and amuse her by telling her what they read. When the seamstress comes, she likes to sew in Miss Carol's room, because there she forgets her own troubles, which, Heaven knows, are sore enough! And as for me, Donald, I am a better woman every day for Carol's sake; I have to be her eyes, ears, feet, hands—her strength, her hope; and she, my own little child, is my example!"

"I was wrong, dear heart," said Mr. Bird more cheerfully; "we will try not to repine, but to rejoice instead, that we have an 'angel of the house' like Carol."

"And as for her future," Mrs. Bird went on, "I think we need not be overanxious. I feel as if she did not belong altogether to us, and when she has done what God sent her for, He will take her back to Himself—and it may not be very long!" Here it was poor Mrs. Bird's turn to break down, and Mr. Bird's turn to comfort her.

*(To be Continued.)*

## THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

### III.—The Bird's Nest.

Carol herself knew nothing of motherly tears and fatherly anxieties; she lived on peacefully in the room where she was born.

But you never would have known that room; for Mr. Bird had a great deal of money, and though he felt sometimes as if he wanted to throw it all in the ocean, since it could not buy a strong body for his little girl, yet he was glad to make the place she lived in just as beautiful as it could be made.

The room had been extended by the building of a large addition that hung out over the garden below, and was so filled with windows that it might have been a conservatory. The ones on the side were thus still nearer the little Church of our Saviour than they used to be; those in front looked out on the beautiful harbor, and those in the back commanded a view of *nothing* in particular but a little alley—nevertheless, they were pleasantest of all to Carol, for the Ruggles family lived in the alley, and the nine little, middle-sized and big Ruggles children were the source of inexhaustible interest.

The shutters could all be opened and Carol could take a real sun-bath in this lovely glass-house, or they could all be closed when the dear head ached or the dear eyes were tired. The carpet was of soft grey, with clusters of green bay and holly leaves. The furniture was of white wood, on which an artist had painted snow scenes and Christmas trees and groups of merry children ringing bells and singing carols.

Donald had made a pretty, polished shelf and screwed it on to the outside of the footboard, and the boys always kept this full of blooming plants, which they changed from time to time; the headboard, too, had a bracket on either side, where there were pots of maiden-hair ferns.

Love-birds and canaries hung in their golden houses in the window, and they, poor caged things, could hop as far from their wooden perches as Carol could venture from her little white bed.

On one side of the room was a bookcase filled with hundreds—yes, *I mean it*—with hundreds and hundreds of books; books with gay-colored pictures, books without; books with black and white outline-sketches, books with none at all; books with verses, books with stories; books that made children laugh, and some that made them cry; books with words of one syllable for tiny boys and girls, and books with words of fearful length to puzzle wise ones.

This was Carol's "Circulating Library." Every Saturday she chose ten books, jotting their names down in a little diary; into these she slipped cards that said: "Please keep this book two weeks and read it. With love, Carol Bird."

Then Mrs. Bird stepped into her carriage, and took the ten books to the Children's Hospital, and brought home ten others that she had left there the fortnight before.

This was a source of great happiness; for some of the Hospital children that were old enough to print or write, and were strong enough to do it, wrote Carol cunning little letters about the books, and she answered them, and they grew to be friends. (It is very funny, but you do not always have to see people to love them Just think about it, and see if it isn't so.)

There was a high wainscoting of wood about the room, and on top of this, in a narrow gilt framework, ran a row of illuminated pictures, illustrating fairy tales, all in dull blue and gold and scarlet and silver and other lovely colors. From the door to the closet there was the story of "The Fair One with Golden Locks;" from closet to bookcase, ran "Puss in Boots;" from bookcase to fireplace, was "Jack the Giant-killer;" and on the other side of the room were "Hop o' my Thumb," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Cinderella."

Then there was a great closet full of beautiful things to wear—but they were all dressing-gowns and slippers and shawls; and there were drawers full of toys and games; but they were such us you could play with on your lap. There were no ninepins, nor balls, nor bows and arrows, nor bean bags, nor tennis rackets; but, after all, other children needed these more than Carol Bird, for she was always happyand contented whatever she had or whatever she lacked; and after the room had been made so lovely for her, on her eighth Christmas, she always called herself, in fun, a "Bird of Paradise."

On these particular December days she was happier than usual, for Uncle Jack was coming from Europe to spend the holidays. Dear, funny, jolly, loving, wise Uncle Jack, who came every two or three years, and brought so much joy with him that the world looked as black as a thunder-cloud for a week after he went away again.

The mail had brought this letter:—

"London, Nov, 28th, 18—.

Wish you a merry Christmas, you dearest birdlings in America! Preen your feathers, and stretch the Birds' nest a little, if you please, and let Uncle Jack in for the holidays. I am coming with such a trunk full of treasures that you'll have to borrow the stockings of Barnum's Giant and Giantess; I am coming to squeeze a certain little lady-bird until she cries for mercy; I am coming to see if I can find a boy to take care of a little black pony I bought lately. It's the strangest thing I ever know; I've hunted all over Europe, and can't find a boy to suit me! I'll tell you why. I've set my heart on finding one with a dimple in his chin, because this pony particularly likes dimples! ['Hurrah!' cried Hugh; 'bless my dear dimple; I'll never be ashamed of it again.'] Please drop a note to the clerk of the weather, and have a good, rousing snow-storm—say on the twenty-second. None of your meek, gentle, nonsensical, shilly-shallying snow-storms; not the sort where the flakes float lazily down from the sky as if they didn't care whether they ever got here or not, and then melt away as soon as they touch the earth, but a regular business-like whizzing, whirring, blurring, cutting snow-storm, warranted to freeze and stay on!

I should like rather a large Christmas tree, if it's convenient—not one of those 'sprigs,' five or six feet high, that you used to have three or four years ago, when the birdlings were not fairly feathered out, but a tree of some size. Set it up in the garret, if necessary, and then we can cut a hole in the roof if the tree chances to be too high for the room.

Tell Bridget to begin to fatten a turkey. Tell her by the twentieth of December that turkey must not be able to stand on its legs for fat, and then on the next three days she must allow it to recline easily on its side, and stuff it to bursting. (One ounce of stuffing beforehand is worth a pound afterwards.)

The pudding must be unusually huge, and darkly, deeply, lugubriously black in color. It must be stuck so full of plums that the pudding *itself* will ooze out into the pan and not be brought on to the table at all. I expect to be there by the twentieth, to manage these little things—remembering it is the early Bird that catches the worm—but give you the instructions in case I should be delayed.

And Carol must decide on the size of the tree—she knows best, she was a Christmas child; and she must plead for the snow-storm—the 'clerk of the weather' may pay some attention to her; and she must look up the boy with the dimple for me—she's likelier to find him than I am, this minute. She must advise about the turkey, and Bridget must bring the pudding to her bedside and let her drop every separate plum into it and stir it once for luck, or I'll not eat a single slice—for Carol is the dearest part of Christmas to Uncle Jack, and he'll have none of it without her. She is better than all the turkeys and puddings and apples and spare-ribs and wreaths and garlands and mistletoe and stockings and chimneys and sleigh-bells in Christendom. She is the very sweetest Christmas Carol that was ever written, said, sung or chanted, and I am coming, as fast as ships and railway trains can carry me, to tell her so."

Carol's joy knew no bounds. Mr. and Mrs. Bird laughed like children and kissed each other for sheer delight, and when the boys heard it they simply whooped like wild Indians, until the Ruggles family, whose back yard joined their garden, gathered at the door and wondered what was "up" in the big house.

### IV.—"Birds Of a Feather Flock Together."

Uncle Jack did really come on the twentieth. He was not detained by business, nor did he get left behind nor snowed up, as frequently happens in stories, and in real life too, I am afraid. The snow-storm came also; and the turkey nearly died a natural and premature death from over-eating. Donald came, too; Donald with a line of down upon his upper lip, and Greek and Latin on his tongue, and stores of knowledge in his handsome head, and stories—bless me, you couldn't turn over a chip without reminding Donald of something that happened "at College." One or the other was always at Carol's bedside, for they fancied her paler than she used to be, and they could not bear her out of sight. It was Uncle Jack, though, who sat beside her in the winter twilights. The room was quiet, and almost dark, save for the snow-light outside, and the flickering flame of the fire, that danced over the "Sleeping Beauty's" face, and touched the Fair One's golden locks with ruddier glory. Carol's hand (all too thin and white these latter days) lay close clasped in Uncle Jack's, and they talked together quietly of many, many things. "I want to tell you all about my plans for Christmas this year, Uncle Jack," said Carol, on the first evening of his visit, "because it will be the loveliest one I ever had. The boys laugh at me for caring so much about it; but it isn't altogether because it is Christmas nor because it is my birthday; but long, long ago, when I first began to be ill, I used to think, the first thing when I waked on Christmas morning, 'To-day is Christ's birthday ——— and mine!' I did not put the words close together, because that made it seem too bold, but I first thought, 'Christ's birthday,' and then, in a minute, softly to myself ——— 'and mine!' 'Christ's birthday ——— and mine!' And so I do not quite feel about Christmas as other girls do. Mamma says she supposes that ever so many other children have been born on that day. I often wonder where they are, Uncle Jack, and whether it is a dear thought to them, too, or whether I am so much in bed, and so often alone, that it means more to me. Oh, I do hope that none of them are poor, or cold, or hungry; and I wish, I wish they were all as happy as I, because they are my little brothers and sisters. Now, Uncle Jack, dear, I am going to try and make somebody happy every single Christmas that I live, and this year it is to be the 'Ruggleses in the rear.'"

"That large and interesting brood of children in the little house at the end of the back garden?"

"Yes; isn't it nice to see so many together? We ought to call them the Ruggles children, of course; but Donald began talking of them as the 'Ruggleses in the rear,' and Papa and Mama took it up, and now we cannot seem to help it. The house was built for Mr. Carter's coachman, but Mr. Carter lives in Europe, and the gentleman who rents his place doesn't care what happens to it, and so this poor Irish family came to live there. When they first moved in, I used to sit in my window and watch them play in their back yard; they are so strong, and jolly, and good-natured; and then, one day, I had a terrible headache, and Donald asked them if they would please not scream quite so loud, and they explained that they were having a game of circus, but that they would change and play 'Deaf and Dumb School' all the afternoon."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Uncle Jack, "what an obliging family, to be sure."

"Yes, we all thought it very funny, and I smiled at them from the window when I was well enough to be up again. Now, Sarah Maud comes to her door when the children come home from school, and if Mamma nods her head, 'Yes,' that means 'Carol is very well,'—I believe they try to see how much noise they can make; but if Mamma shakes her head, 'No,' they always play at quiet games. Then, one day, 'Cary,' my pet canary, flew out of her cage, and Peter Ruggles caught her and brought her back, and I had him up here in my room to thank him."

"Is Peter the oldest?"

"No; Sarah Maud is the oldest—she helps do the washing; and Peter is the next. He is a dressmaker's boy."

"And which is the pretty little red-haired girl?"

"That's Kitty."

"And the fat youngster?"

"Baby Larry."

"And that freckled one?"

"Now, don't laugh—that's Peoria!"

"Carol, you are joking."

"No, really, Uncle dear. She was born in Peoria; that's all."

"And is the next boy Oshkosh?"

"No," laughed Carol, "the others are Susan, and Clement, and Eily, and Cornelius."

"How did you ever learn all their names?"

"Well, I have what I call a 'window-school.' It is too cold now; but in warm weather I am wheeled out on my little balcony, and the Ruggleses climb up and walk along our garden fence, and sit down on the roof of our carriage-house. That brings them quite near, and I read to them and tell them stories. On Thanksgiving Day they came up for a few minutes, it was quite warm at eleven o'clock, and we told each other what we had to be thankful for; but they gave such queer answers that Papa had to run away for fear of laughing; and I couldn't understand them very well. Susan was thankful for 'trunks,' of all things in the world; Cornelius, for 'horse cars;' Kitty, for 'pork steak;' while Clem, who is very quiet, brightened up when I came to him, and said he was thankful for 'his lame puppy.' Wasn't that pretty?"

"It might teach some of us a lesson, mightn't it, little girl?"

"That's what Mamma said."

*(To be Continued.)*

## TANNING AN ELEPHANT HIDE.

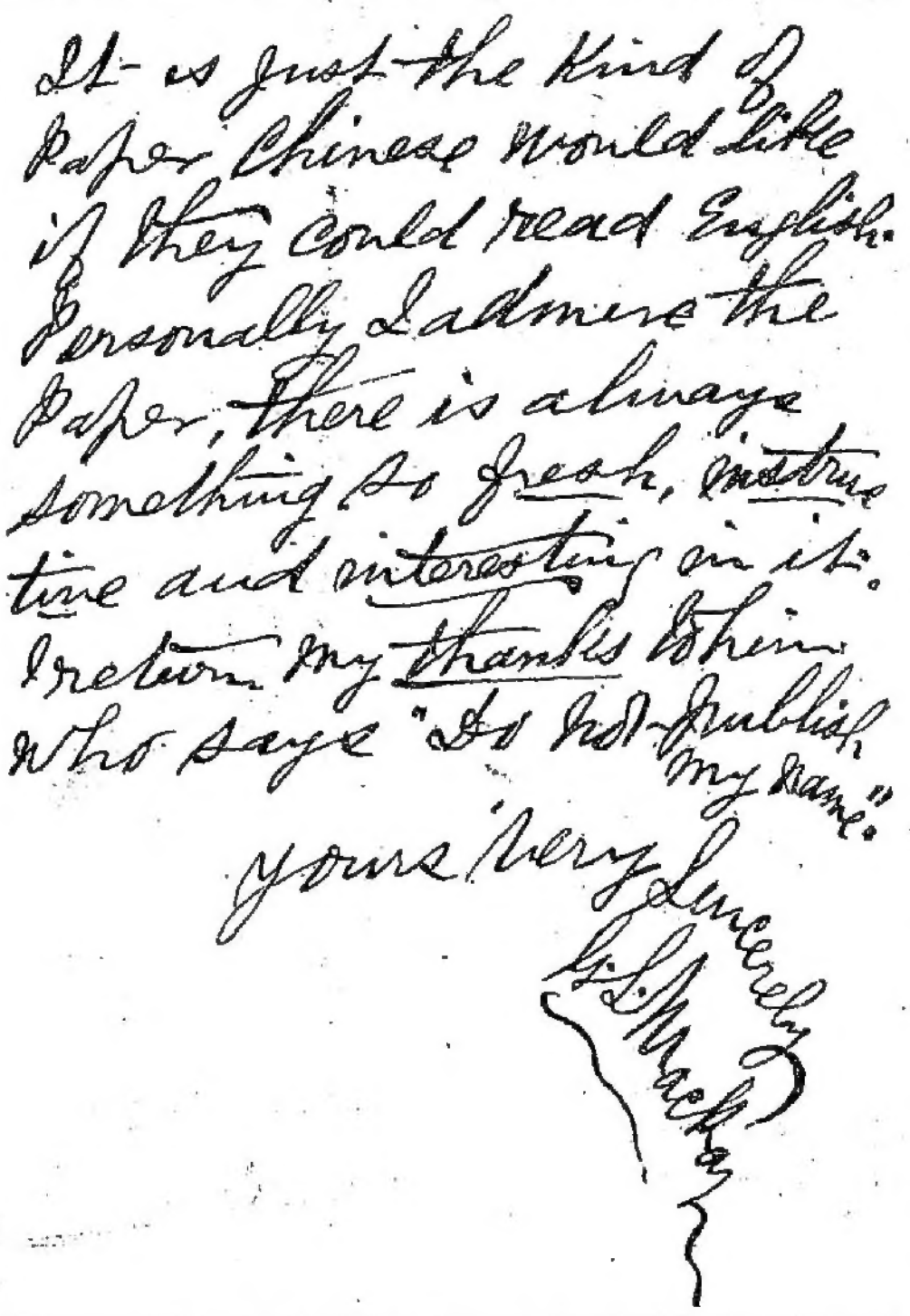
It weighed about 1,200 lbs, and was about an inch and a third thick. After being put into a reservoir of pure water to green it, it was beaten for one hour every day with an iron on a large anvil. After being ten days in pure water it was left for another ten days in water with about 4 per-cent of salt. Then it was replaced in pure water again for twenty days. During those forty days it was constantly in soak. The head and feet, weighing about 300 lb., were then removed, and the skin hung on spikes in the drying-room. After hanging one day it was put in a vat containing potash and a small quantity of sulphur of sodium in the following proportions: water, 1,000 parts; slaked lime, twenty-five parts; potash, three parts; sulphur of sodium, two parts. After being two days in this bath it was rinsed in pure water of a temperature of twenty degrees, when it was again placed in the drying-room. After this double operation was repeated three times the skin was ready to have the hair taken off. This operation occupied about one day's time, and gave about 75 lbs. of hair. Another day was spent in cleaning and scraping. By this time it had lost 30 percent of its weight. The operation of its preparation lasted two months, and it went through the same course as a cow-hide, with the difference that each phase of the work took three times as much time. The skin should be stretched in the pit, and placed in the middle of cow-hides. Six layers of powder are then thrown in; two first, two second, and two third layers. Altogether the tanning takes three years. The partition of time is thus: becoming green, 40 days; worked, 10 days; preparation, 50 days; repetition, 60 days; first pit (double), 200 days; second pit (double), 300 days; third pit (double), 400 days.

Knowledge may be without grace, but grace cannot be without knowledge.

## A WORD FROM CHINA.

WHAT DR. MACKAY THINKS OF IT.

A few weeks ago we received a letter from the Rev. G. L. Mackay, D. D., of Formosa thanking the unknown donor for three copies of the *Northern Messenger* sent him. We can only make room for part of his letter but give that as it was written. He says:—


It is just the kind of paper Chinese would like if they could read English. Personally I admire the paper. There is always something to fresh, instructive and interesting in it. I return my thanks therein who says "Do not publish my name."

Yours sincerely
G. L. Mackay

## SOME ADVICE TO BOYS.

My son, you may not be missed a great deal by a very wide circle of people when you die. It won't be necessary for you to leave much money for a tombstone. The few people who love you, who tenderly and dearly and truly love you, will know which mound covers your sleeping figure, and they can find it just by the ferns and grasses that wave above it; and a monument ninety feet high won't make strangers care for you, or make them love you, or make them remember you. You may not be missed a great deal by very many people when you die, my boy; but that isn't what you want to think about. You want to make yourself felt and noticed while you are here. That's what you want to do. And that is more than most men do. Now and then you will meet a man who actually rejoices, in a mean, envious sort of a way, to think that in a few years his more popular, prosperous, successful neighor will be dead and forgotten. It may be true. The big, wide world is so busy with the living, that she does seem to forget her children when they fall asleep. But you will notice that the man who rejoices in this is usually a man whom she has forgotten while he yet lives; who is not felt or heard in the world at all. Now, do you go ahead, my boy, and don't stop to wonder if the world will remember you and miss you one hundred years from now. Little you'll care for the old world in a hundred years from now; heaven grant it may be under your feet then! You just go ahead and make yourself felt now. When you are gone the world will get along without you, my boy; but while you are here do you make it understand that you are running part of this show yourself, if it is nothing more than standing at the tent-door, and directing the people to pass to the right and move along in front of the cages.—*R. J. Burdette.*

## "ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

Among current mispronunciations is that of putting the accent on the second syllable of "exquisite" instead of on the first, of omiting to pronounce the final syllable of "bona fido," and pronouncing the word as if it were spelled "bona fied," of saying voilet and voilence for violet and violence, of saying yeaph for yes, and Gawd for God. The latter word should have the o short as in the German "Gott." Though some people fancy that it shows greater reverence to drawl the word, one cannot quite understand why. A mistake very often made is that of saying "Book-ase" for "book-case." Note-paper is a stumbling-block to people who also speak rapidly, and they are inclined to call it "not-pepper." One should never say "figger" for "figure," "feller" for "fellow," "cairy" for "carry," "ridikilus" for "ridiculous," "preceive" for "perceive," "et'n'ouse" for "eating-house." One of the most unpleasant varieties of mispronunciation is that of a certain class of New Yorkers who run all their words together, and slide a letter or a syllable, wherever they can contrive to do so. "S'Nichlas" for St. Nicholas," "Av'noo," for "avenue," "cloes" for "clothes," "munce" for "months," "diff'nt" for "different," "N'Yawk" for "New York," are familiar instances of this slovenly method of enunciation.—*Florence Howe Hall, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

## BIBLE COMPETITION.

Over three hundred sketches of the "Life of Esther" have come in, nearly twice as many as we had of the "Life of Abraham." So much longer time has been required to examine them with the care which they require that we have not been able to announce the results in this number but hope to do so shortly.

## BOOKS AND MONEY FOR *MESSENGER* READERS.

AND PICTURES, TOO,—HOW THEY MAY BE OBTAINED.

Any one who collects ten cents in payment of a *bona fide* new subscription of the *Northern Messenger* for three months may send us the address with five cents and the *Northern Messenger* will be duly sent for the time mentioned, the object being to get the paper into a new family.

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